

CRACKAJACK

From Mail Bag No. 4, The Owl

10¢

NOVEMBER

No. 41

The
OWL

CYCLONE
and MIDGE

ELLERY
QUEEN

THE
CRUSOES

AND MANY OTHERS



F. Thomas



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DEAR FRIEND
'SEND IN ONE OF
THE BEST SNAPSHOTS
YOU HAVE OF ANIMALS,
OR ANY OTHER OBJECT
THAT YOU THINK IS
EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD.

Yours Truly
GABBY SCOOPS

CONTEST CLOSURE
NOVEMBER 14, 1941

NOVEMBER CRACKJACK FUNNIES CONTEST

K. K. PUBLICATIONS, Inc., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET AND NUMBER _____

CITY OR TOWN _____ STATE _____

My favorite features in this magazine are:

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____

4. _____ 5. _____

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THE OWL

By
STANLEY
TODD

OKAY, SORD - (CRUNCH)
-USHER THE WORTHY
GENTLEMAN IN!!

MYST POLICE
CHIEF WERE TO
SEE YOU,
MYST TERRY!



MORNING CHIEF!
-HAVE A CHAIR!

BREAKFAST IN BED!!
-WHAT A LIFE!! -YELL
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN
THE PAST
WEEK?!



OUT OF TOWN ON
PRIVATE BUSINESS -
...OOOHUM!

PRIVATE, EH? -LISTEN HERE
NICK TERRY, I MADE
YOU A SPECIAL IN-
VESTIGATOR BECAUSE
I NEEDED
YOUR
HELP!



NOW I FIND EVERY
TIME THERE'S AN INPOR-
TANT CASE TO BE SOLVED
YOU LEAVE TOWN! -ITS
STOP!

MY CHIEF, YOU CAPTURED THE
MADEIRA FAMILY WITHOUT MY
HELP -THOUGH I SEE BY THE
PAPERS THAT THE
OWL GAVE YOU
A HAND!



OWL! -DON'T MENTION
THAT WORD!! -IT-IT-

-CHIEF!
-CALM
YOURSELF!
-YOU'LL
BURST!







DID YOU COMPLETE YOUR UNDERSTANDING PROFESSOR WITZ?

U.S. PATENT & TRADEMARK OFFICE

YES, BABY CAN, A BEAUTIFUL JOB - YOUR OWN MOTHER COULD NOT TELL YOU ABOUT!



WEE, DASTY- DON'T SAY
ANY IN "ANY", JOE!
DINGER?

IT IS A REMARKABLE
LIKENESS, PROFESSOR



YOU DID NOT QUITE
CATCH THE LOFTY EX-
PRESSION OF MY EYES
PROFESSOR. BUT ALL
IN ALL, IT IS WELL
DONE!

CHEE'-ITS ACROSSERLY
SPOOKY!

NOW, SEND THE WIRE
FIGURE IMMEDIATELY
TO DENVER—MY MAN
HERE WILL BE WAIT-
ING FOR IT. WHERE:
UPON, HE WILL PLACE
IT IN A LIFE-LIKE POS-
ITION ON THE REAR
SEAT OF HIS RUD AND
DRIVE WESTWARD TO
SAN FRANCISCO!



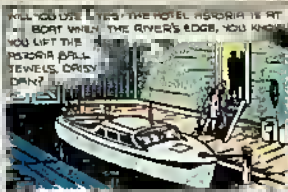
-AN'EN PEOPLE WILL
SEE IT AN' THINK IT'S
YOU AN' POLICE WILL
SPREAD THE FLARM
THAT YOU'RE IN THAT
PART OF THE COUNTRY
AN' THE GOPS HERE
WILL BITE ON THE
STORY /- AIN'T DAT
IT ?

PLEASE
DON'T SAY
'AIN'T DAT,
JIM!



PRECISELY! THEY
WILL NOT EXPECT ME
TO BE HERE IN THE
EAST DURING THE
HOTEL ASTORIA BALL
AND WILL RELAX!
THEIR VIGILANCE
ACCORDINGLY - AND
ACCORDINGLY WE
WILL REAP A LARGE
HARVEST!





IS THE DATE OF THE ASTORIA
BALL NEARS, POLICE MENO?
QUARTERS DOWN - TENSE!!

HOW WILL GO OVER THESE
HOTEL PLANS ONCE
MORE!



CHIEF!
- A TELE

FROM
- DENVER POLICE
- CAPPER DAISSY
DAN WAS SPOTTED
OUT WEST!!



'REPORTED SEEN AT TWO
POINTS - SPEEDING
WESTWARD IN A
BLUE SEDAN'
- NICK! WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

IT SEEMS
STRANGE!
HE WOULD
LEAVE BEFORE
THE ASTORIA
BALL -
- BETTER
CHECK ON
THE
INFO!!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AN-EXCITED
CHIEF ARRIVES AT NICK'S APARTMENT!!



- AN! HERE - I GOT A DENVER NEWSPAPER
WITH THE DETAILS! - DAISSY DAN MUST BE
HEARDIN' FOR THE GOAST! - THE STATE
TROOPERS ARE CLOSIN' IN ON HIM FAST!



BUT YOU'RE STILL GOING
TO SEND THAT SPECIAL
SQUAD TO THE HOTEL -
ASTORIA BALL
TONIGHT
AREN'T
YOU?

NOW! - WHAT FOR?
A COUPLE MEN TO
WATCH THE HOTEL LOG
BY WILL BE ALL
WE NEED NOW



THE OWL

MM-MMM. OKAY, CHIEF, I'LL SEE YOU LATER—
HELLO. DAISY DAN? GIVE ME
BELLE WAYNE IN THE CITY
ROOM!



NICK!—I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO CALL YOU—
DID THEY GET
DAISY DAN?



NO. LISTEN, DO YOU
HAVE TO COVER THE
ASTORIA BALL TONIGHT
FOR YOUR PAPER?
NOT FINE! I COME UP
HERE FOR DINNER
AND BRING
YOUR COSTUME—
WE'RE GOING
OVER TO THE
ASTORIA!



SO I THINK
MAYBE TERRY
WILL WANT
OWL CLOTHES
PRESSY OUT
TODAY,
ISSY SO?



LATE EVENING FINDS FESTIVITIES IN THE
HOTEL ASTORIA BALLROOM WELL ALONG!



AND AS THE CHINES
OF MIDNIGHT RING OUT
OVER THE CITY—A TALL
COILED FIGURE STALKS
THE HOTEL ROOF!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
DAISY DAN WILL PASS
UP THIS BEHEMOTH SNAKE—
HE MAY HAVE GONE WEST
BUT I'LL GAMBLE
SOME OF HIS
GANG WILL
BE HERE!



BELOW, ON THE RIVER,
BELLE WAITS IN THE
TRIM OWLCRAFT!!

NICK DIDN'T SAY
WHAT WAS IN HIS
MIND—MAYBE HE—
MM-MMM—THERE'S
A POWER BOAT
DOCKING UP
AHEAD!



IF ANYBODY DOES
TRY ANY MONKEY
BUSINESS TONIGHT,
THEY'LL COME THE
SAME WAY I DID—UP
THROUGH THAT VACANT
BUILDING NEXT DOOR
AND OVER THE ROOF-
TOPS—HSS-ST!—SOME-
ONE IS COMING!



NOT A COP IN-SIGHT!
—WITZ'S WAX DUMMY.
SURE DID THE TRICK—
EH, DAISY DAN?

SUPERBLY!



THE OWL



WUPS!



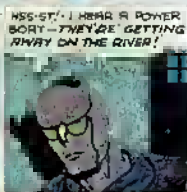
WHAT
HIZAT?
SOMEONE—
THE OWL!
—RUN! BACK
THE WAY WE
CAME!



RUN!



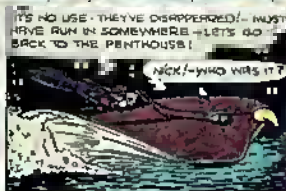
THUNDER!
WHICH WAY
DID THEY GO?



HSS-ST! I HEAR A POWER
BOAT—THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY ON THE RIVER!

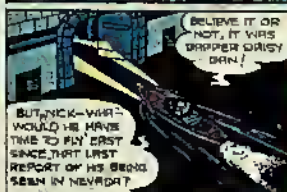


HURRY NICK!—THERE
THEY GO!!



IT'S NO USE—THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!—MUST
HAVE RUN IN SOMEWHERE—LET'S GO
BACK TO THE PENTHOUSE!

NICK!—WHO WAS IT?



BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, IT WAS
DAPPER DAISY
—DAN!



THEY RAPIDLY ASCEND FROM BORTHOUSE
TO PENTHOUSE IN NICK'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR!

I DOUBT IT—EVEN IF HE CHARTERED A
SPECIAL PLANE!

BUT NICK—WHAT
WOULD HE HAVE
TIME TO FLY EAST
SINCE THAT LAST
REPORT OF HIS BEING
SEEN IN NEVADA?

THE OWL

LET'S TAKE
THE RADIO
OUT ON THE
ROOF!

OK—BUT BELLE, CAN YOU
MAKE ANY SENSE OUT
OF THIS—"WITTS WAX DUMMAY"?—



"WITTS WAX DUMMAY"?
IS IT A RIDDLE?

SHH!
LISTEN—RADIO—



"WE INTERRUPT TO
BRING YOU A SPECIAL
NEWS BULLETIN—DRA-
PER DRAISY DAN WAS
REPORTED SEEN AN
HOUR AGO SPEEDING
WESTWARD ON ROUTE
50 OUT OF CARSON
CITY, NEVADA!"



AND I SAW HIM TWENTY MINUTES AGO ON
THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL ASTORIA—SOMEONE'S
CRAZY—MAYBE IT'S ME—"WITTS WAX DUMMAY"
—THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID ON THE HOTEL ROOF—

SOMEONE'S CRAZY—AND
I THINK IT IS YOU!



MAYBE THE PHONE DIRECTORY WILL HELP
—"WITTHIER"—"WITTYLE"—NOPE!—NO
"WITTS!"



HY-UMMA, COULD BE—"WITTHIER"—"WIT"—BELLE!
—I'VE GOT IT!—LOOK!—"WITZ, PROF.—WAX
MUSEUM"—IT'S ON
RIVER STREET!



I SEE IT ALL NOW!—RUN INSIDE AND CHANGE
YOUR CLOTHES—WE'RE GOING TO PROFESSOR
WITZ'S WAX MUSEUM!



MEANWHILE, THE WOULD-BE JEWEL THIEVES
RETURN TO THE MUSEUM EMPTY HANDED.

SO—THE OWL SPOILED ALL OUR VELL
LAD PLAYS EN—SIRANGE, I BUT
RECENTLY ADDED A
FIGURE OF THE OWL
TO MY COLLECTION!



CONFOUND IT!—I'VE LOST MY DRAISY—ANOTHER
ILL OMEN!—JDE, RUN OUT
AND BUY ME A
FRESH ONE IN
THE MORN-
ING!

SOMEONE IS
AT THE DOOR!—GO TO
THE BORDHOUSE—HURRY



YES, I AM, PROFESSOR! BUT WE SAW A LIGHT AND WITZ—
WE REALIZE THE HOUR IS LATE.
BUT WE SAW A LIGHT AND
WONDERED IF WE MIGHT VIEW
YOUR XRAY EXHIBIT!



WHY-ER... BUT OF COURSE! MY HUMBLE ART
IS HONORED! YOU ARE OFFICER NICK TERRY
ARE YOU NOT? I'VE SEEN
YOUR PICTURE
IN THE NEWS
PAPERS.



NICK!—AT THIS HOUR THIS IS
ABSOLUTELY—CHOUUSH!



STRANGE—HIS COMING HERE
NOW—YET HE
CAN'T KNOW ANY
THING ABOUT
DAISY DARN—

FOLLOW
ME—
PLEASE!



WELL!—I SEE YOU
HAVE A PICTURE OF
THE OWL!

OH YES!
—THE PUBLIC
INTEREST IN
AVENGERS IS
GREAT!—I ALSO
HAVE ONE OF
PHANTASMO!



WHAT'S THIS??—HA!
—THAT CINCIES IT!!



WE ENJOYED THE YOUR
VERY MUCH, PROFESSOR—HERE'S A FIVE-
SPOT FOR YOUR
TROUBLE!

THANK
YOU, MR.
TERRY!



BELLE—ARE YOU GAME FOR MORE ACTION THIS EVENING??
—WE'RE GOING BACK AND CLEAN OUT THAT MUSEUM—LOOK
WHAT I FOUND LAYING ON THE FLOOR!

A YELLOW DAISY!!
—WHY—YOU MEAN
THAT—THAT DROPPED
DAISY DARN IS
BACK THERE IN—
—MAN OH MAN—
WHAT A STORY!
LET'S GET GOING!



THE OWL

GOOD GIRL! THE MAX BUNNY, OWL WILL
BE JOINED BY THE DEER OWL!!
BUT FIRST, I MUST MAKE A
TELEPHONE CALL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BLISSFUL
SLEEP OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE IS BROKEN!



HELLO - WHO IS IT? DID YOU SAY THE OWL?
-WHEE? PROFESSOR WITZ'S WAX MUSEUM?
-WHAT IS THIS - A GAS?? - WAIT -
WAIT - HELLO - HELLO!
• ♪! • HE
• ♪ HUNG UP!



PROFESSOR WITZ'S
WAX MUSEUM -
PROFESSOR WITZ'S
WAX MUSEUM -
-PROFESS-



AT NIGHT'S DARKEST HOUR,
JUST BEFORE DAWN, A
LONE FIGURE STANDS BY
THE RIVER AT THE REAR OF
THE OLD WAX MUSEUM!!

NOCKS BEEN IN THERE TEN
MINUTES - THAT SHOULD
GIVE HIM PLenty OF TIME
TO GET
ESTABLISHED



VERY CARELESS OF THE
PROFESSOR TO LEAVE A
BACK WINDOW UNLOCKED!
-THE COAST LOOKS CLEAR,
AND NOW ITS MY TURN TO
GET IN THERE AND NOCK!
-I HOPE THEY WILL THINK
THAT IM THE OWL!



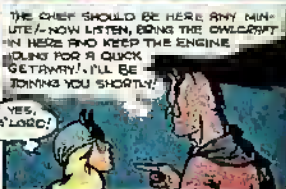
AND WITHIN THE BUILDING,
DAPPER DREY DAN AND
COMPANY GROW MORE AND
MORE UNEASY -

I DON'T LIKE IT, DREY DAN!
-FIRST WE RUN INTO THE ONE
ON THE HOTEL ROOF, AN' IN
THAT FLATFOOT, NOCK TERCY
COMES SNOOPIN
AROUND! - I TELL
YA' IT AIN'T
HEALTHY HERE -
LET'S SCRAM!



THE OWL

I DON'T MIND TERRY SO MUCH, BUT THAT OWL IS NOBODY TO FOOL AROUND WITH!

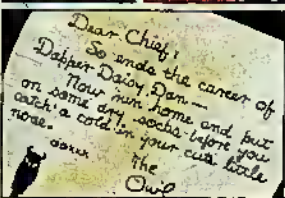


THE OWL

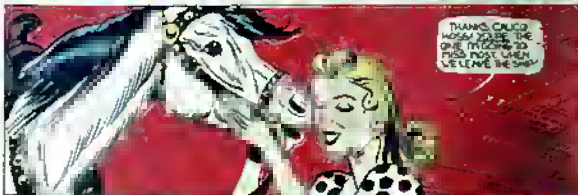
AND THE CHIEF DOES ARRIVE—AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE, ACCOMPANIED BY ROOKIE PATROLMAN DOZEY O'TOOLE !!



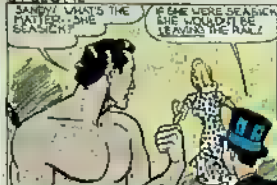
THE OWL



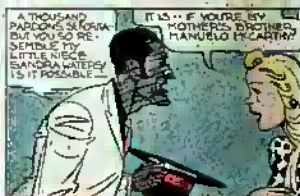
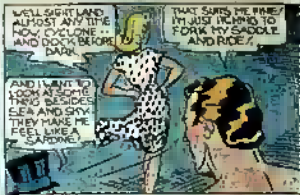
CYCLONE

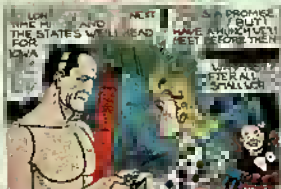
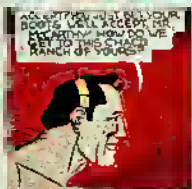
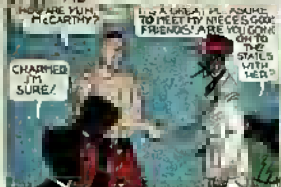


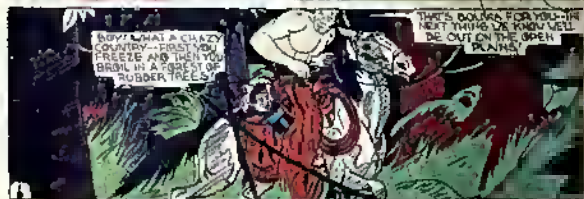
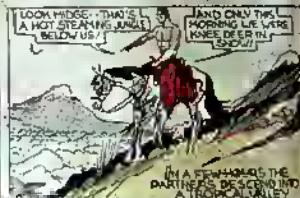
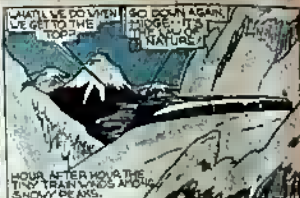
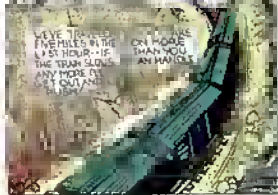
CYCLONE



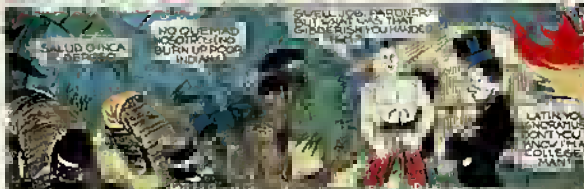
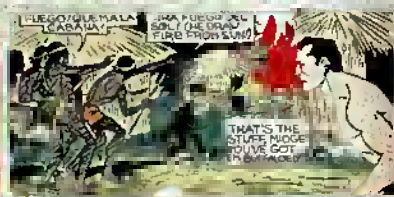
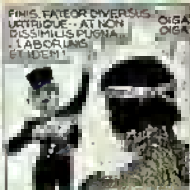
CYCLONE







CYCLONE



A BURNING PROGE
THIS IS THE FIRST
FOOD I'VE HAD SINCE
WE LEFT THE SHIP!



THE AUCED
NATIVE'S HONOR THE
WHITE MEN WITH A
JUNGLE BANQUET

YIPPEE! IF THOSE
WILKINS ARE RIGHT
WE'RE ONLY A FEW
MILES FROM RANCHO
DEL RIO!



YOU'VE
OUGHT TO
BE FOR
DARK!

WE MUST BE GETTING
NEAR MCCARTHY'S
RANCH. SAY! DO YOU
HEAR THOSE SHOTS
A GUN?



YES! THEY
SOUND LIKE
A BITCHES
BATTLE!



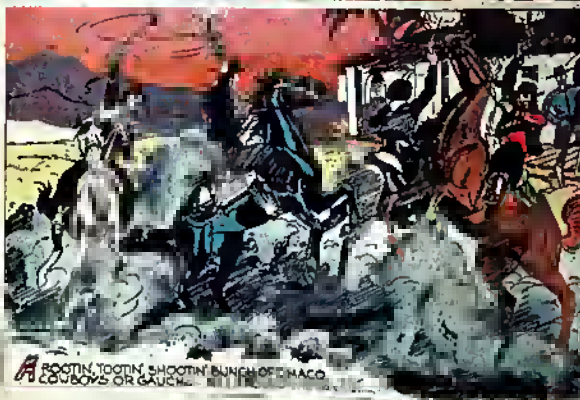
THAT WOULD TICKLE
YOU, WOULDN'T IT?
YOU CRAZY TROOP
HUNTER!

MAYBE THE RUSTLERS ARE RAIDING
MCCARTHY'S DEER
HEAD!

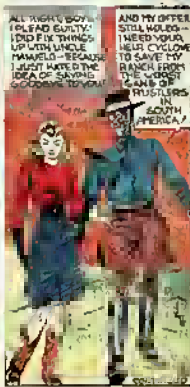
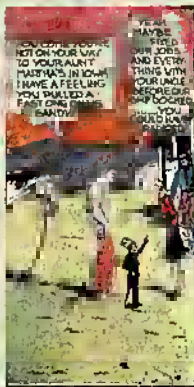
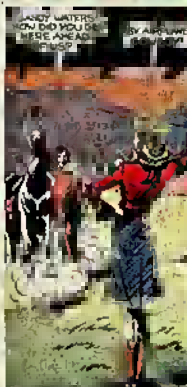


IT CAN'T BE A RAID-
THEY'RE FIRING INTO
THE AIR!

THERE'S THE
RANCH AND A MOB
OF GAUCHOS!



A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' BUNCH OF NACO
COWBOYS OR GAUCHO!



JUNIOR POLICE

Young Billy Fletcher proudly polished his badge with the back of his hand and surveyed himself critically in the mirror.

"My! Aren't you the one?" his mother exclaimed, catching him by surprise. "Since you've been made a member of the Junior Safety Patrol you're as proud as a peacock."

"Well, I am proud, mom," he confessed. "It's not everybody who can qualify for the Junior Police, you know. It's a big responsibility watching over all those kids at the crossing and teaching them the lesson of safety."

"I know it is, son," agreed the mother. "And I'm proud of you too. But I do hope you'll be careful, yourself."

Half an hour later, Billy was proudly performing his duty at the corner two blocks from the school. Carefully, he herded the chattering students in groups at the curbing and with his stop sign, he signaled for the traffic to halt periodically, so that the groups of boys and girls could cross the street in safety.

"Will, will, look who's playing that he's a cop!" came a harsh voice suddenly and Billy turned to look into the sneering face of Red Bush, one of the biggest and freshest boys in the school. "Are ya going to hold my hand while I cross the street, dearie?"

"No, but you'll have to wait till I give the signal, Red," announced Billy. "This is my first day on the job and those are the orders."

"Fat chance," sneered Red. "Maybe you think I ain't old enough to take care of myself. Maybe I oughta take you across. You're going to get hurt hanging around this corner, little boy. See you later."

Red took the hand of his little sister, Betty, who had been grinning up at Billy and started to cross the street.

"That's against the rules, Red," intoned Billy firmly, grabbing Red by the arm, "you're not supposed to cross the street until I give the signal. Otherwise I'll have to report you."

"Listen," growled Red, tearing his arm from Billy's grasp. "I'd just like to see you report

me. If you try to get me into trouble, I'll give you some more than to go with that piece of tin on your shirt—but you won't be able to wear them."

With that, Red strode angrily across the street, with his little sister at his heels. Billy watched him, flushing angrily. Several of the other boys laughed rudely at Billy's discomfiture.

"Are ya going to report him, Billy?" asked one of them pointedly.

"Naw, he won't report him," scoffed another. "You heard what Red told him, didn't you? I'd hate to have Red sore at me. He can lick any fellow in the school."

Billy knew only too well that big Red could probably get the best of him but he had taken his appointment to the Junior Police with all sincerity. He couldn't very well break a rule the very first day. He would have to report Red before the day was over. Then, he thought, he could look forward to an unpleasant session with the bully the next time they met.

Billy was still thinking about his problem when it came time for him to leave school and take up his position before the noon time rush. The smallest children in the lower grades were dismissed a few minutes before the upper classes and it was important for the Junior Police to be on the job to protect them on the way home.

And thus it was that Billy was at his post when little Betty Bush, tiny sister of big Red, skipped along toward home. When she came to the crossing, Betty merely grinned at Billy and started to cross the street.

"Wait a minute, Betty," ordered Billy politely. "You have to wait till I give the signal. Then you can cross with the other kids."

"Oh, shush," chirped the little girl. "My big brother says I don't have to pay any attention to you. We know how to cross a street without your help, I guess. We're not babies."

And with that, little Betty ducked under the protecting arm of Billy and dashed into the street.

"Betty!" yelled Billy desperately. But it was too late. The little girl had eluded his grasp and when

Billy turned to apprehend her, but caught sight of an automobile bearing down on the little tot.

There was no time for waiting, hardly time for Billy to think. With a superhuman effort, he dashed into the street behind the little girl and as the brakes screamed on the careening car, he gave little Betty a violent push that sent her hurtling from its path.

It was too late for Billy to save himself. There was a thud as the bumper struck Billy across the legs and the next moment, he was thrown, violently to the pavement, where he lay very still and white. A thin red trickle ran down one side of his head.



In a moment, an excited crowd had gathered, soon to be augmented by the older boys and girls from the school. Among them, of course, was big Red, who crowded his way to the front of the group which had formed a circle around the inert Billy.

"Why, it's young Fletcher," he blurted out. "Run down by a car—and he's supposed to be a Junior Police. Some guard—he can't even take care of himself."

"He saved a little girl," someone was saying. "Pushed her out of the way of the car first."

"Yeah," said someone else. "She'd have been killed if it hadn't been for him. She wouldn't listen to him and ran into the street. Wonder who she was?"

"Someone said it was Betty Bush," came another voice.

As this imbroglio arrived to take Billy away, Red Bush turned from the crowd, his face white and ashen and his head hanging in shame. There, on the opposite corner, crying but unhurt, he found his sister Betty and took her home.

"I didn't see the car, Red," she whined. "It wouldn't have happened if I'd listened to him. Now, he's going to die maybe. And it's all our fault."

Red Bush couldn't eat his lunch that noon. He sat at the table pale and shakin'. All the conversation was about the accident and how the brave Fletcher boy had risked his life to save his sister Betty.

"He can't die, ma!" burst out Red at last. "He can't die! If he does it's all my fault. I told Betty not to pay any attention to him. I thought all those kids were slush. Gee, I didn't know how brave that kid could be. It's me that oughta be in the hospital."

"Red, if that's the way you feel about it," advised his father gravely, "you ought to go down to that hospital and let Billy Fletcher know about it. Maybe it might help him. And I hope, my boy, that this will be a good lesson to you, too."

Later that afternoon, Red Bush sat by the bed of Billy Fletcher. Billy had regained consciousness a short time before and now he looked up with a grim smile, his face still white and wan.

"Doctor says I'm gonna be all right, Red," he whispered. "Going to take a little while to get well, I guess, so you won't have to worry about me reporting you—not for a couple of weeks anyway."

"That's all taken care of," blurted out Red. "I reported myself at school this afternoon. They know it was all my fault, Billy. There's no one telling you I'm sorry now but I do want to thank you for what you did for my sister. I guess I was all wrong about you guys. I think you're a swell guy, Billy—the bravest guy I ever saw."

"That's nothing, Red," whispered Billy. "Any Junior Policeman would have done the same thing. You see, it's our duty to safeguard the lives of the citizens. I'm glad you understand that better now."

"I do all right," nodded Red, "and I'm going to understand better still. I've asked for a chance to get on the Junior Police myself—and they're going to let me try. I only hope I can be as good a one as you."



AFTER THE FEAST
ANNA CELEBRATES
HER NEW PEACE-
WASTMENT, THE
SAVAGES CROWD UP
TO BE HANDY DOOR
ASKING FOR GIFTS.



**BAKSHISH! NAKKA
BAKSHISH!**

**SIT BACK NAKKA YOU BELONG.
YOU BLACK THASH! BEEN DE
WHITE POLICE IS READY WID
DE GUN. DEY'LL OPEN DE DOOR.**



**I DECIDE I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO GIVE THOSE SAVAGES... HE
WASN'T ENOUGH OF ANYTHING?**

**WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE SOME-
THING TO THE GUY
ANYWAY, MAE!**

**SAY, DAD, I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!**



**SEE! THERE ARE ENOUGH COINS
IN THIS BOX FROM THE OLD
MERCHANT TO GIVE EVERY
NATIVE A FEW.**

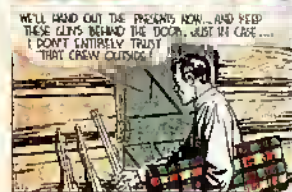
**WHY
NOT GIVE
THEM BUTTONS
INSTEAD?**

**BUTTONS ARE UNDESIRABLE... BUT
WOMEN WOULD LOVE THEM TO
US ON THIS ISLAND.
WE'LL SCATTER THE
MISERABLE BOX
AMONG THEM, DAD!**



**HERE'S SOMETHING
FOR THE GUY,
JOHN... A BOX
OF BRIGHT
CALICO!**

**FINE, MAE! THAT
COLOR OUGHT TO
MAKE A SAVAGE'S
EYES SHINE!**



**WE'LL HAND OUT THE PRESENTS NOW... AND KEEP
THESE GUYS BEHIND THE DOOR... JUST IN CASE...
I DON'T ENTIRELY TRUST
THAT CREW OUTSIDE!**



**THERE, DINK! THAT'S ENOUGH!
CLIMB TO MAKE YOU BE
BEST-DRESSED MAN
IN DE ISLANDS!**

**HOT DINK! BUT SHO' AM
STRUMPTIOUS CLOTH COCK!
AN' DINK NAKKON HIS
WASHAW-FOOLKS WILL LET
HIM KEEP IT LONG.**

THE CRUSOES

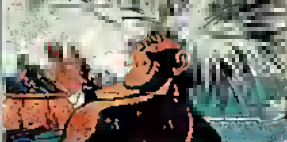
PULL PLINGS, HURDLES OF CORN INTO THE MOIL



WELL, ROCKS OUR GUESTS ARE LEAVING PEACEFULLY AND I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY!



BIG STORM COMING! WE GET BACK TO OUR OWN ISLAND QUICK!



HAVE SOON WE COME BACK WITH JAWY SPEARS AND TAKE MUCH WEALTH FROM BE TRAVE STRANGERS!



I'LL TAKE BET AND BAK AND GO BACK TO THE TREE-HOUSE NOW! DAD... WE'VE GOT A LOT OF THINGS TO DO THERE.



SO LONG, DAD! BYE BYE! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!



THE CRUSOES

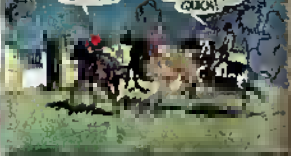
TELEPHONE WIRE CARRY WORDS THROUGH THE AIR... HAVE SOME TRY YOU MAKE MACHINE FOR CARRY MAN THROUGH AIR TOO!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, BEF! SOME DAY I MIGHT MAKE A CRIDER, AND FLY FROM THE TREE HOUSE TO THE MARCH! I'LL THINK IT OVER.



WE LEFT THE GATE OPEN...I HOPE THE WILD ANIMALS HAVEN'T CATCHED UP OUR GARDEN!

WE FIND OUT QUICK!



NOTHING HAS TOUCHED OUR PUMPKINS ANYWAY... THAT'S LUCKY... BECAUSE DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW IS HALLOWEEN!



WHAT "HALLOWEEN" MEAN, PAUL?

WHA, HALLOWEEN THE LAST DAY OF OCTOBER WHEN PEOPLE HAVE A LOT OF FUN MAKING JACK-O-LANTERNS OUT OF PUMPKINS AND DUCKING FOR APPLES AND ALL THAT.

THAT MEAN JACK-O-LANTERNS?



BRING THOSE PUMPKINS TO THE TELEPHONE! WHEN WE GET UP TO THE TREE HOUSE I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE JACK-O-LANTERNS... ALL SIZES AND SHAPES OF THEM!



ELEVATOR TOO TALL... PLAYING HARD TO STAND ON, PAUL!

HANG ON TO THE BARS, BEF... WE'LL BE UP THERE IN A MINUTE!

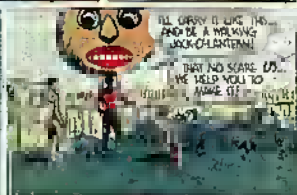
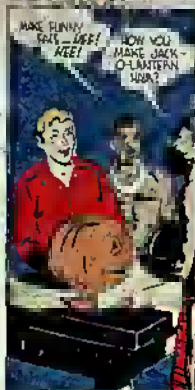


THIS IS THE FIRST IN MAKING A LANTERN... YOU CUT A CIRCLE AND TAKE OUT THE SEEDS.

WHAT YOU DO WITH SEEDS?

YOU PLANT 'EM... PRETTY SOON GROW MORE PUMPKINS!





THE CRUSOES



YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW UP
GOOD TO SICK A
BAKERY BUS! DON'T
PAUL SAY WE AND
THE BOYS WERE
COOKING SUPPER
FOR US?

HE DID JUST I DON'T TRUST THEIR
"NATIVE STEAK" IT MIGHT BE MADE
OF FROGS' LEGS NOW
ALL I KNOW!

STANLEY'S LEGS HURT HIM
AND PETER DEVS COOKS
PROPER, MAM!

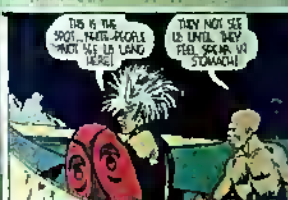


NOW A BEAUTIFUL EVENING FOR A DANCE
LET'S HANG SOMETHING, JESS!

ALL RIGHT, MAM! NOW ABOUT THERE'S A LONG LONG
TRAIL A-HWONGING!

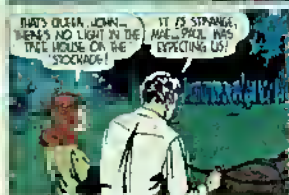
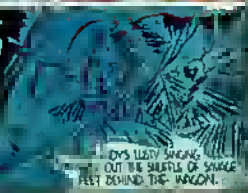


RESEMBLE THE SAME MOON THAT LIGHTS THE
CRUSOEY WAGON ROAD LOOKS DOWN ON A FLEET
OF WAR CANOES APPROACHING THE ISLAND



WE CRASH BLAND TO
BIG HOUSE AND HURT TALL
LIGHTS GO OUT!

THEN WE GET MUCH RED CLOTH
AND BRIGHT BUTTONS THAT
GO CLANK-CLANK!





OH LANSY!
LOOK AT
DEM DEME
FACES!

HURRAY! DE
JACK-O-LANTERN
THE BOYS ARE
JUDI PLAYING
A TRICK

TO
FORGOTTEN...
TOMORROW IS
HALLOWEEN!



AWAY
SEE THOSE
BRIGHT
EYES!

THEY'RE LIKE
SEARCHLIGHTS,
DETIE!
YOK!

SUDDENLY DE LANTERN'S
EYES BECOME DAZZLING.

LAW! SAKES!
DEM SEARCH-
BEAM EYES
SUDDENLY
SHOW UP
EVERYTHIN!

TO LIKE
TO KNOW
HOW DAZZ
PAGGED
THEM.



AW HUH! THE
EYES HAVE
SEEN US!

AW!!! THEY ARE BLINDING
LIKE THE RAYS
OF THE SUN!



PAUL! PAUL!
OPEN THE GATE!
THERE'S A BUNCH
OF ARMED SAVAGES
READY TO
ATTACK US!



BOO!

WHOA DAA
HOSS! AH FEELS JUST
LIKE YOU DOES, BUT
WE AIN'T GOT NO
PLACE TO GO!

OH, PAUL
IS IT YOU?
TAS IS NO
TIME FOR
POOLING!



I'M NOT FOOLING
MOTHER! I'M GOING TO
GIVE THOSE SAVAGES THE
SCARE OF THEIR LIVES—
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE
TO AVOID A FIGHT!

THE CRUISES

BOB SPEAKS IN THE SAMOANS OWN LANGUAGE... LEARNED FROM BOB AND DAIL.

OHOO YOUR SPEARS, LITTLE MEN... BEFORE I THROW MY HEAD AT YOU!

D-D-DON'T BELIEVE HIM... NOT EVEN A FIRE-EYED GIANT CAN LIVE WITHOUT HIS HEAD!

SUDDENLY THE HUGE LANTERN-HEAD RUTTLES FORWARD...

ALL! ALL THE HEAD! IT WILL CRUSH US!

...AND HANGS IN THE AIR JUST ABOVE THE CRUISE.

HECY! TERRIBLE WANT! DO NOT KILL!

GO THEN! LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND NEVER COME BACK... OR ELSE!


TERROR-STRIKEN BY THIS NIGHTMARE HORROR... THE SAMOANS FLEE DOWN THE ROAD!

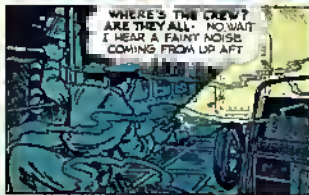
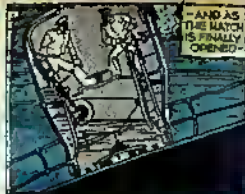
STILTS... AND A SHEET TO COVER THEM! BUT WHAT MADE THE JACK-O-LANTERN HEAD FLOAT IN THE AIR!

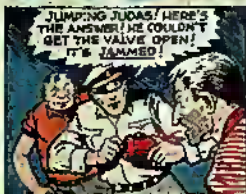
YES, TELL US, PAUL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST BLUFFING TILL I SCARE IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

MAKING IT FLOAT WAS THE EASIEST PART OF ALL... THAT PAPER PUMPKIN-HEAD WAS A HOT-AIR BALLOON POWERED BY THREE LIGHTED CANDLES.

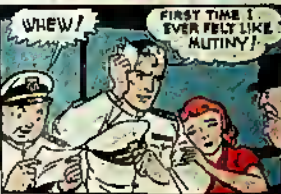
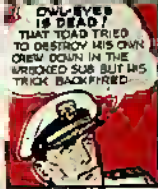
STUBS... I HAD A HARD JOB TO HOLD IT DOWN!


Don Winslow
 OF THE
NAVY
 F.V. MARTINEK
 DON WINSLOW
 HAS DECEENDED
 IN A DIVING BELL
 TO RESCUE THE
 SURVIVORS OF A
 CRIPPLED SUB.

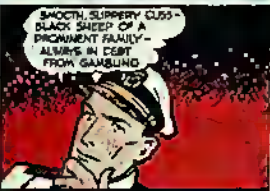
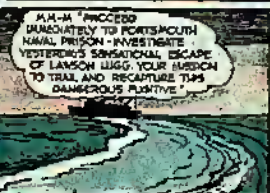
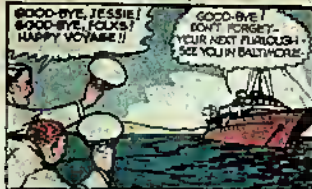


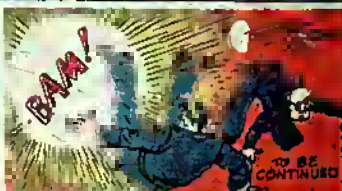
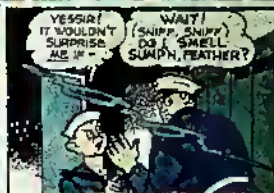
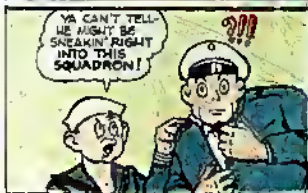
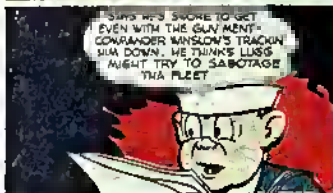


DON WINSLOW



DON WINSLOW





BOB AND BILL

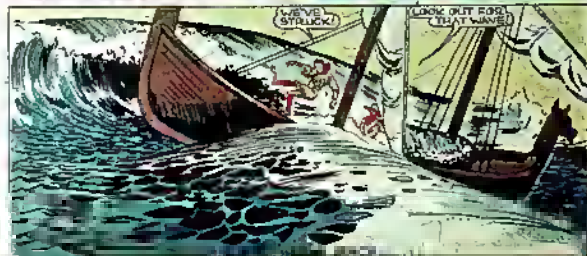
THE SCOUT TWINS

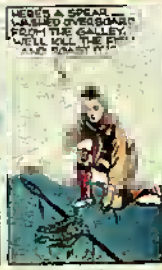
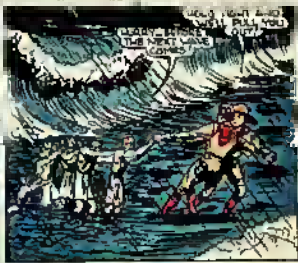
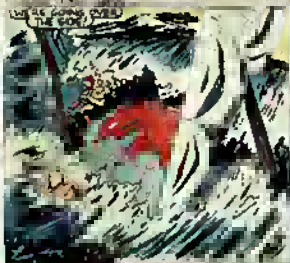
BOB AND BILL, WHEN BY FINDING A SECRET CAVE
WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND WORLD OF GIANTS
AND CARRIED TO A PLACE OF GREAT ADVENTURE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE

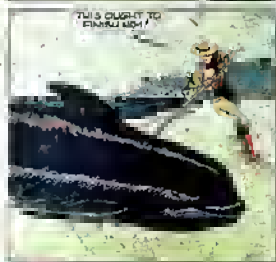
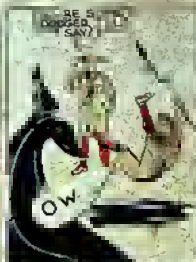
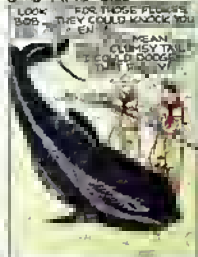


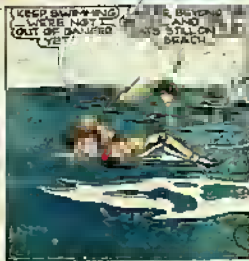
BOB AND BILL



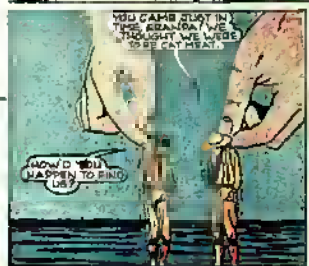


8 B AND BILL





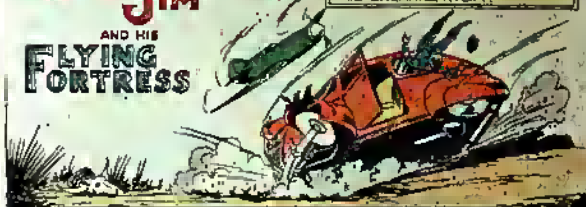
BOB AND BILL



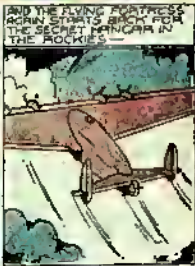
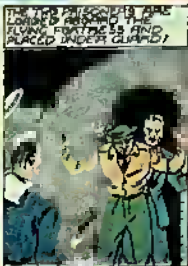
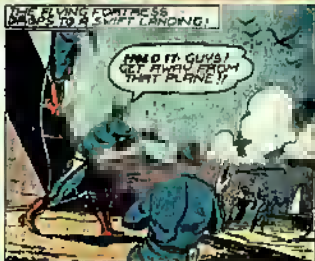
STRATOSPHERE JIM

AND HIS
FLYING
FORTRESS

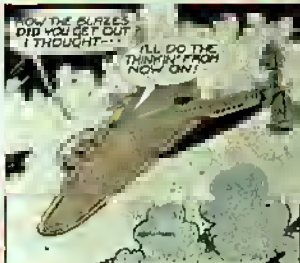
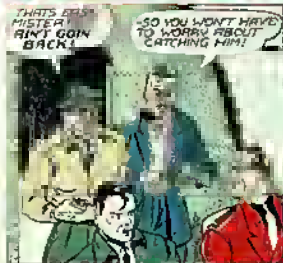
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SOUTH-WEST DESERT, JIM HAS CAPTURED TWO GUNMEN WITH PHOTO GRAPHS OF HIS SECRET TELEVISION GUN SIGHT. JIM SUSPECTS A SPY WITHIN HIS ORGANIZATION!

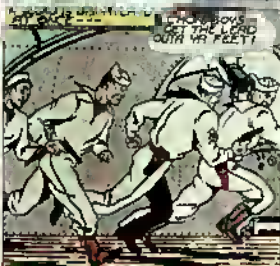
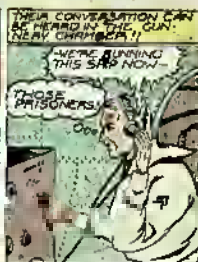


FLYING-FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS





FLYING FORTRESS

WITHOUT WARNING, JIM YANKS HIS RUDDERS!



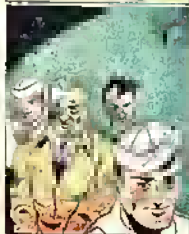
JAP'S MEN RUSH IN!



THE BRAWL SPILLS INTO THE PASSAGEWAY—IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE GUNMEN, FIGHTING LIKE CORNERED RATS, ARE BEATEN INTO SUBMISSION!



SECURELY HANDCUFFED THE GUNMEN ARE LED BACK TO THE SHIP'S BRIG.



WHO WAS GUARDING THOSE MEN WHEN THEY ESCAPED?



TAKE THE CONTROLS, HARRY. I'M GOING BACK AND SEE MR. BARTON!





FLYING FORTRESS

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE FLYING FORTRESS HAS LANDED AT THE SECRET BASE HANGAR...

IF BARTON'S A SPY THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME EVIDENCE!

WONDER IF BARTON'S SUSPICIOUS JIM?

PITCH BLACK IN HERE - GUESS HE'S NOT IN NOW

AT THE INSTANT THE LIGHT IS SWITCHED - OH...

OH - BARTON, EH? NICE TACKLE!

?

OH! I'M SORRY, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU WERE THOSE TWO PRISONERS LOOSE AGAIN!

OH, DID YOU?

GUESS IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR PROWLING LIKE THIS, BARTON! BUT WE MUST SEARCH YOUR ROOM!

WE'LL SOON SEE WHETHER OR NOT I'M PROWLING ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!

FLYING FORTRESS

JIM AND HARRY MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH!



TO BE CONTINUED

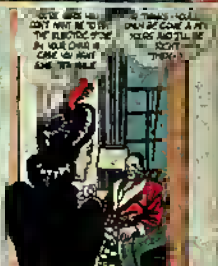
ELLERY QUEEN

THEY'RE WALKING DOWN-
HIM JUST'S COME DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS SO EARLY

IT'S JUST THINKING YOU
FOR A LITTLE HELP-NEED
YOUR CHAIR ON THE CLAYTON
CASE SO IT WON'T BE A PAIN
TO HELP YOUR OLD MOTHER
ONCE IN A WHILE



ELLERY QUEEN, A NATURAL LIFE SLEEPER, IS BOYD
ED FROM HIS BED ROOM THE MORNING IN THE DAY
INSPECTOR EDWARD QUEEN RUSHED THROUGH ROOMS
FIRST HUSTLED INTO THE HAT AND COAT AND RAN
THROUGH THE DOOR



ELLERY QUEEN



ELIOT QUAY

SO, THE BUREAU
WAS THE BLACK
POINTER, THE
GREEN BUREAU,
LET'S ASSESS IT.



PLEASE DO ANOTHER
CONFERENCE AFTER MY
LEFT-TIME MORNING.



ON THE OTHER
SIDE A JAMPER BEFORE
I LOST THE CONNECTION
AND WENT RIGHT ON
AGAIN.



IT'S THE HUMANITY
OF THE BUREAU AND THE
GREEN, THAT'S BEEN PUTTING
THE BUREAU FOR THE FIRST
TIME. THE BUREAU
WAS THE BUREAU OF
THE BUREAU OF THE
BUREAU.



IT'S A CHASTITY THING,
DID - AND SHE PUT
THE NOTE IN THE
DOOR.



LET'S GET DOWN
AND GET IT DONE
IS ALL RIGHT.

IT'S THE BUREAU
IN THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU.



ALL RIGHT, WHAT DO
YOU MEAN BY OF COURSE
IN ALL RIGHT?



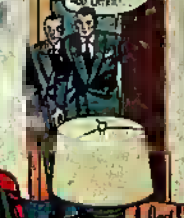
IT'S THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU.



IT'S THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU.



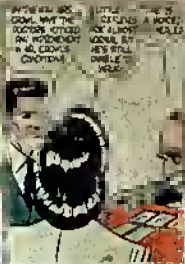
IT'S THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
OF THE BUREAU
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OF THE BUREAU.



ELLERY QUEN



ELLERY QUEEN



ELERY QUEEN



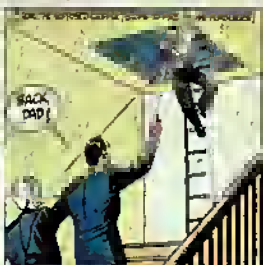
HERE HE GOES!
DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY--
WE'LL GET HIM!



IT'S HARD
TO SURPRISE
ME IT'S

HOW WILSON
OF COURSE I DO
IT'S HIS SCENE
DON'T YOU



BACK
DAD!



YOU CAN
HIT IT!

A LUCKY
SHOT-- NOW
I DON'T
KILL HIM!



HOW-- HOW?
HOW DID YOU
GET UP HERE?
WHAT HAPPENED?

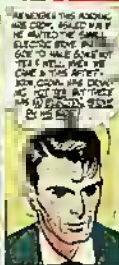
HE GOT UP HERE BY
HIMSELF! WAS CALM!
YOU SEE YOUR HUSBAND
HAS BEEN ABLE TO
WALK FOR SEVERAL
DAYS!

HOW DO
YOU KNOW?



SMILE THAT IT WOULD TAKE A MAN WHO'S
BARELY TEMPORARILY PARALYZED SEVERAL
DAYS TO DESIGN FULL USE OF HIS LIMBS--
HE'S BEEN PRACTICING WHILE
HIS WIFE WAS OUT!

ACT YOU'D
BE IT WAS CRAZY
BEFORE WE SAW
THAT NOW DO
YOU KNOW?



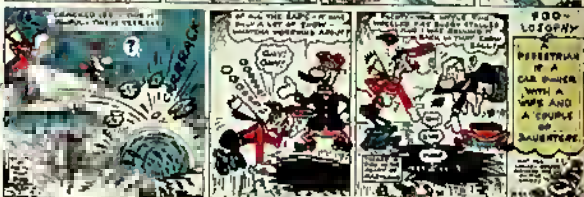
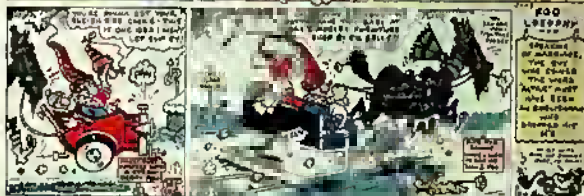
HE MENTIONED THIS MORNING
HIS CROW, ASKED HIM IF
HE WANTED THE SMALL
ELECTRIC STOVE IN
KITCHEN TO MAKE SOME HOT
TEA & WELL, WHEN HE
CAME & THIS AFTER-
NOON, CROW, WAS DRIVING
HIS HOT STEEL BUT THERE
WAS NO ELECTRIC STOVE
IN THE KITCHEN



THAT'S RIGHT! HE HAD
TO GET UP AND BANG IT
HIMSELF ON THE CASE
STOVE IN THE KITCHEN
SINCE NO ONE WAS
THOUGHT TO MAKE
IT FOR HIM--

WAS ANY
BODY
TO
CALL
HIS
BOB?

YOU HAD SOMEWHERE
BUTTER AGAINST ME--
I WOULD YOU TALKING
ONE MORE-- IF CROW
WASN'T WE'LL LET HIM
BE THIS AFTERNOON--
I'D LIKE TO GO
TO THE HOSPITAL



CLYDE BEATTY

by *Jim Chambers*

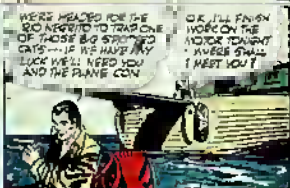
Exp. 10c. In Periodicals Dept. 10c.



HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER, CLYDE BEATTY ENGAGES THREE ABORIGINAL HELPERS AND AN AMERICAN AIRPLANE.



WHERE ARE YOU AND COONEY GOING IN THE CANOE, MR BEATTY?



WE'RE HEADED FOR THE RIO NEGRO TO TRAP ONE OF THOSE BIG SPOTTED CATS—IF WE HAVE ANY LUCK WE'LL NEED YOU AND THE PLANE COME

OK, I'LL FINISH WORK ON THE MOTOR TONIGHT. WHEN SHALL I MEET YOU?



YOU CAN FLY DOWN TO THE RIO NEGRO AT ABOUT NOON TOMORROW—AND BRING RIDES BIG ENOUGH TO HOIST A FULL GROWN TIGER INTO THE PLANE.



DID YOU SAY A TIGER, MR BEATTY? I'VE NEVER HEARD THERE WAS ANY TIGERS IN SOUTH AMERICA!

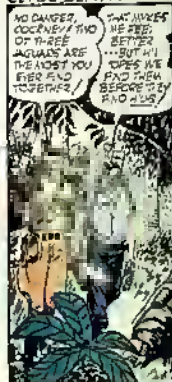
THERE AREN'T. THE NATIVES CALL A JAGUAR A TIGER. THEY'RE NOT REAL TIGERS, BUT THEY'RE ALMOST AS BIG AND FIERCE.



THIS IS WHERE THE NEGRO JOINS THE MAINSTREAM. THE INDIANS SAY THE JUNGLE'S FULL OF JAGUAR TRACKS.

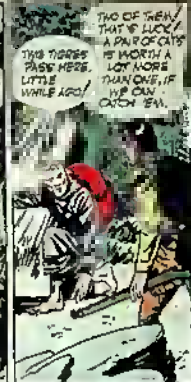
NO! COPE WE DON'T WALK INTO A BLOOMING EDD OF THE BEASTS!

CLYDE BEATTY



NO DANGER,
COCKNEY! TWO
OF THREE
JAGUARS ARE
THE MOST YOU
EVER AND
TOGETHER!

THAT MAKES
ME FEEL
BETTER
...BUT WHY
DOES WE
FIND THEM
BEFORE THEY
FIND US?



THESE TIGRES
PASS HERE
LITTLE
WHILE AGO!

TWO OF THEM!
THAT'S LUCK!
A PAIR OF CATS
IS WORTH A
LOT MORE
THAN ONE, IF
WE CAN
CATCH 'EM.



WE BUILD TRAP HERE,
TOMAS... YOU GO
CATCH WILD PIG FOR
BUT... ENJOY? TAKE
SENIOR WILLIAM
WITH YOU.

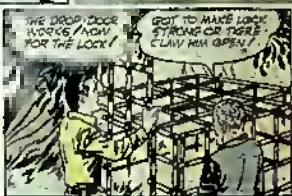
UGH! ONLY
BUENO.
CATCHING
CERDITO
BEFORE
SUN GO
TO BED.



WE'VE GOT ENOUGH
POLES NOW, HUNO
GET SOME TOUGH
VINES TO TIE THEM
WITH!

BUENO, PATRON!
PLENTY STRONG
VINE GROW HERE.

TOUGH, STRENGTHY POLES ARE CUT TO BUILD THE TRAP



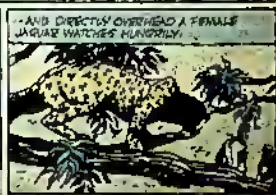
THE DROP DOOR
WORKS NOW
FOR THE LOCK!

GOT TO MAKE LOCK
STRONG OR TIGRE
CLAW HIM OPEN!



BLUPEY! LOOKIT
IM KICK! WHY
ARE WE GOING
TO CARRY HIM?

TIE FEET
TO POLE!



...AND DIRECTLY OVERHEAD A FEMALE
JAGUAR WATCHES HUNGRILY.

WILE AWAY, TOMAS' TRAP SNARES A PIG

CLYDE BEATTY



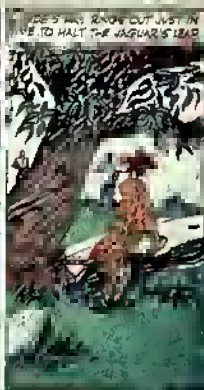
WELL, YOU'VE
S'POSED A BALLY
TIGER BARE THIS BIG
SQUEALIN' AND COMES
AFTER US & WE'D BEST
LOOK SHARP!

NO GOOD TO LOOK
TENDER! IF TIGER
JUMP HE NO SEE
MU UNTIL TOO
LATE!



MR. COONEY, YOU'VE
BROUGHT THE DO
JUST IN TIME-- THE
TRAP'S ALL READY.

I FANCY IT WON'T BE
WASTY FOR LONG--
I'VE A HUNCH THERE'S
JAGUARS CLOSE BY!



THESE WAYS RUN OUT JUST IN
TIME TO HALT THE JAGUAR'S LEAD



CLYDE PUTS THE LITTLE WILD
PIG INTO THE BAIT COMPARTMENT
OF THE JAGUAR TRAP.

IN YOU GO, PIGGY!
YOU'LL GET A BAD
SCARE WHEN THE
TIGER COMES IN--
BUT HE CAN'T
HARM YOU



IT'S SIMPLE,
COONEY WHEN
THE BIG CAT
CLAWS AT THE
BAIT
COMPARTMENT
THE PIG'S DOOR
OPENS AND THE
BIG CAGE DOOR
DROPS AUTO-
MATICALLY.

IT'S CLEVER
AND NO
MISTAKE!
BUT AIN'T
YOU TYIN'
TOO MUCH
TROUBLE
FOR A
RUDDY BIG
ME BEATTY?



IF THAT BIG HELPS
US CATCH ONE OF
THE KILLERS, HE'LL
HAVE EARNED HIS
FREEDOM, HONT
HE?

STRIKE
ME
PINK!
I'VE NEVER
FOUGHT
OF THAT!

CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY

THE MALE CAT PUGS AT THE
TOUGH FOLKS TRYING TO KID
THEM LOOSE —

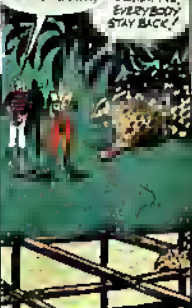


...LIND TO FREE HIS MATE THE
MALE LEAPS TO THE CAGE TOP

EARLY IN THE MORNING CLYDE
AND HIS HELPERS RETURN —

MR. PATRON!
THE CAGE DOOR
IS SHUT DOWN!

WE'VE
CAUGHT
SOMETHING!
EVERYBODY
STAY BACK!



GO EASY, MR.
BEATTY! YOU
HAVEN'T
ANYTHING
BUT THAT
BOOY
POO-GUN!
MY
TRAINER'S
WHIP IS
A LOT
BETTER
THAN A
GUN YOU'LL
SEE!



OH, NO! HERE'S
MR. JAGUAR HUNGEST
HE MUST HAVE
TRAPPED HIS MATE!



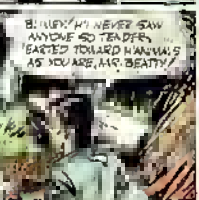
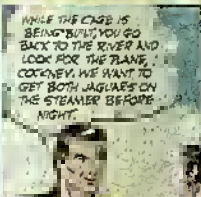
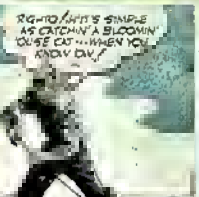
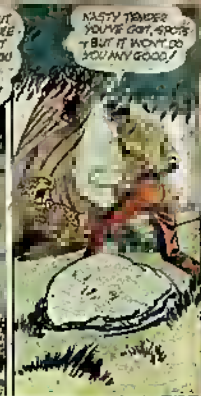
THAT CHANGES
YOUR TUNE
OLD BOY!



A STONE NOSE DOES
HAVE THE TEARS
COME, KITTY... BUT
I'VE GOT ANOTHER
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



CLYDE BEAT IT



SMOKEY STOVER



